

The Quiet Hour.

"His Servants Shall Serve Him."

"Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
'Chosen, called and faithful,'
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true and bold."

Our last talk was about our King and His attitude toward us. Now let us consider our attitude toward Him. The first duty of servants is service—"His servants shall serve Him"—but there are many kinds of service, as we all know. I have lately been reading "The Blazed Trail," which gives a wonderful description of the enthusiastic loyalty to their master of a gang of Michigan lumbermen. Those rough and hardened men worked willingly and cheerily all through the long, hard winter, and when the break-up came in the spring they sometimes toiled eighteen hours a day, standing waist-deep in icy water without a complaint. When their master's property was in danger they thought nothing of risking their lives to rescue it, and if one man perished others dashed forward with reckless courage to take his place, caring no more for danger than soldiers in the heat of battle. The master they served so wholeheartedly cared very little for them. He listened to no excuses, never gave them another chance if they displeased him, but dismissed them at a moment's notice for very small offences. They obeyed him enthusiastically because he was strong, and they knew he could master them.

Probably this is a fancy picture of a lumber camp, but at least it is a true description of what our service ought to be. There is so much half-hearted Christianity in the world to-day! Do let us be on one side or the other. As Elijah said to the people of Israel, "How long halt ye between two opinions; if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him?" He thought it better to be an avowed Baal-worshipper rather than to drift, with no settled opinions. Our Lord seems to agree with him when He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot." So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth." He appears to offer an open enemy to a lukewarm servant.

"Anything which makes religion its second object, makes religion no object. God will put up with a good many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place." That is Ruskin's opinion, and Dr. Burrell evidently agrees with him, for in the "Homiletic Review" for this month he makes this startling statement: "We are sadly in need of two classes of men in these days. On the one hand, we want infidels, outspoken infidels, who will take their places on the hills against Zion . . . and, on the other hand, we want believers, stalwart believers, who know the truth, and, knowing, dare maintain. There is no room for Epicurens, 'middle-of-the-road' men."

Startling as these words seem from a champion of the faith, they simply echo the Master's wish, "I would thou wert cold or hot." An open enemy does far less harm than a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Half-hearted, false-hearted! Heed we the warning! Only the whole can be perfectly true.
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too."

It has become the fashion to admire the character of the historic Christ in a condescending, patronizing way. People who pride themselves on their culture speak of Him as having been one of the world's great leaders—perhaps the greatest in all history. They admire His life and words—as indeed who could help doing!—and even try to copy Him when they can do it without much trouble; but they do not recognize His right to claim their service. The historic Christ they talk of so admiringly died about two thousand years ago, but the Saviour who claims to be our Master and Lord is alive to-day. Satan may well encourage this admiration of a dead Christ. It is indeed a daring thing to patronize the God who made us.

One reason why this is more dangerous than open opposition is because it does not startle or shock people. A man who openly declares himself to be in opposition to God is constantly warned of his danger, both by his own conscience and by the voice of public opinion; while this admiring patronage of Christ and Christianity lulls people into a comfortable state of fancied security. But the Master says: "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad." He refuses to accept half-hearted allegiance, but demands that each disciple shall hold himself ready—like any other soldier to sacrifice everything if He asks it: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his

father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." We might well shrink back in fear, saying that such loyalty is far beyond us, but let us not forget how ready the Master is to forgive those who are honestly trying to serve Him. St. Peter won full and free forgiveness for his disloyalty in word, because he was true and loyal in wish and intention. Even after his cowardly desertion he was not afraid to bare his very heart to the searching gaze of the risen Jesus, saying boldly, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Dare we say that? Be very sure He never yet rejected true love, no matter how weak it might be.

"God who registers the cup
Of mere cold water, for His sake,
To a disciple rendered up,
Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered.
And because my heart I proffered,
With true love trembling at the brim,
He suffers me to follow Him
For ever!"

HOPE.

Rosa Bonheur and Her Favorite Bull.



More than once pictures by the celebrated animal painter, Rosa Bonheur, have appeared in the pages of the "Farmer's Advocate," for which none could be more suited than this. Her groupings and her special choice of subjects made her work unique. She lived amongst the creatures she depicted, studying their idiosyncrasies and noting their habits, alone and in crowds. Dressed in her workman's blouse, she spent hours daily in their midst, and nothing escaped her observant eye, each animal in each group having been carefully studied before it became the subject of her brush. The above picture of this talented French artist and her favorite bull was painted by herself in her younger days, and is considered to be an excellent representation of both. H. A. B.

Domestic Economy.

BUTTER SCOTCH.

Take three pounds of sugar, one-quarter pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and add sufficient water only to dissolve the sugar. Boil without stirring until it will break easily when dropped in cold water. Then pour into a well-buttered dripping pan, and, when almost cold, cut into small squares. If desired, a dash of lemon may be added to the mixture before putting on to boil. Eight drops will be sufficient.

BAVARIAN CREAM.

Put two level tablespoons of powdered gelatine into one-third cup of cold water to soak for half an hour, and scald two cups of milk in a double boiler. Beat two eggs, a pinch of salt and one-half cup of sugar until well mixed, and pour on the scalding milk, stirring all the time; pour back into the double boiler and cook until a smooth custard is formed. Add the gelatine, strain, cool, and flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat two cups of thick cream until light. Beat the custard with an egg beater until it is foamy; then turn in the beaten cream, mix lightly and turn into a mold; set away to become firm.

Life in Assiniboia.

AS SEEN BY A DAKOTA INSTITUTE SPEAKER.

Two hundred and fifty miles we have driven, over prairie trails, around sloughs and "bluffs," holding a series of Farmers' Institutes in south-western Assiniboia; putting up for the night, and getting our three meals a day at as many and any settlers' cabins which happened to cross our trail. Log or sod, brick or frame—it mattered not, so long as it offered shelter and food. All kinds and conditions of farm life we have encountered; some we pitied and tried to help, others we envied and partook of their plenty.

In this country of practically equal opportunities, we are surprised to find this great difference in the homes of the people; nor have we been quite able to decide to whom it is principally due—the farmer or the farmer's wife. Driving up to one shanty, we find a weary woman who looks utterly hopeless as we broach the subject of dinner. She "has nothing in the house fit to eat," she assures us, and—proves it, later. Being twenty miles from a railroad is the excuse offered for the meagerness of black tea and bread which we are hungry enough to accept with gratitude. At the very next simple home, a cheerful, energetic woman meets us, urges us to come in and at once asks: "You haven't had dinner?" We half-heartedly protest that she must go to no trouble, and are assured that "there is always something on hand for 'stoppers'" —a statement which is also duly proven. Such savory ham and eggs, light bread, sweet butter and cream, we have eaten at their places; such berries, both fresh and canned; such crisp vegetables; such wholesome cooking; such dainty serving we have enjoyed. The simple home life is one of plenty, refinement, and contentment.

Perhaps the most striking thing about these far-north neighbors is the cheerfulness with which they put up with inconveniences—little room, long hauls to market; and the fortitude with which they meet real hardship and loss. One family, with whom we stopped for tea, had just lost a big new barn, for which they had planned and worked for years, and ten good horses, by fire. It staggered them for a little, but they were already cheerfully at work with renewed energy and eagerness, planning and saving for another barn and paying off on new terms.

The reader must not imagine, however, that the big barn and comfortable house invariably announces the arrival of some man from "the States." Many beautiful, cozy homes along the trail stand as monuments to the thrift and enterprise of the English, Scotch or Nova Scotia people who, for twenty years and more, have gathered in the rich yields of wheat from these vast Assiniboia plains. On many a homestead, the old sod shanty still marks the first rude shelter of early years, while near it stands the substantial brick house, with its large rooms, plate-glass windows, steam heat and modern conveniences. Shelter belts and hedges make possible the cultivation of small fruits and the much-needed vegetable garden. A well-stocked poultry yard and a few good hogs materially reduce the terrors of that "twenty miles to railroad," and a growing tendency towards stock-raising greatly facilitates the marketing of produce.—[Bertha Dahl Laws, in Dakota Farmer.

What the Teacher May Do.

At the beginning of a new school year it may seem to the teacher that school teaching is unattractive and unremunerative, that the people fail to evince the degree of interest in the school that its importance demands; but the true teacher can find no greater opportunity for doing real service to his fellow-man than the rural school offers. The country child in his secluded life longs for a knowledge of the great world beyond the narrow confines of his neighborhood. This longing the tactful, resourceful, well-informed teacher can do much to satisfy.

The possibilities of the country child are great, if he can be taught to understand them or to know that he has the power within him to do something or be someone; that his success depends almost entirely on his own efforts and his own worthy ambitions.

Humorous.

Pompous Lady—Must I put this stamp on myself?
Post-office Clerk—Well, you can if you like, but it's usual to put it on the letter.

She was a little girl, and she was sitting on her father's knee one evening. She had a little brother, whom she regarded with wonder. "To-day," said the father, "a man offered to give me a whole roomful of gold for little brother. Shall I sell him?" The child shook her head. "But," said her father, "think of how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think I had better let the man have him?" "No," answered the girl, thoughtfully; "let's keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."

Doctor—His circulation is abnormally sluggish.
Mother—Well, you see, doctor, he will forever be readin' them blood-curdling dime novels!

Mistress—I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora.
Nora (the nurse)—There's no risk, mum. The tiger is a "man-eater," and th' child is a gur-rul.

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